

The Tragedy of Hamlet

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are morteft and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boiftrous raine, never alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.

Rof. We will make hafte.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras Ile convey my felfe
To heare the proceffe, Ile warnt shee'l tax him home;
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meet that fome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, fhould ore-heare
The fpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare.

Exit.

King. Thanks deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it fmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double bufineffe bound,
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect: what if this curfed hand
Were thicker than it felfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the fweet heavens
To wafh it white as fnow? whereto ferves mercy,
But to confront the vilage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is paff: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can ferve my turne? forgive me my foule murder?
That cannot be, fince I am ftill poffeff

Of

Prince of Denmarke.

Of thofe affects for which I did the murther,
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene
May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences guided hand may fhew by iuftice,
And oft 'tis feene the wicked prize it felfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo above,
There is no fhuffling, there the action lyes
In his true nature, and we our felves compeld
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence: what then? what refts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched ftate! O bofome blacke as death!
O limed foule! that ftuggling to be free,
Art more engaged! helpe Angels, make affay,
Bow ftubborn knees, and hearts with ftirings of Steele
Be foft as finnewes of the new-borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is praying,
And now Ile do't, and fo a goes to heaven,
And fo am I reveng'd? that would be fcann'd;
A villaine kills my father, and for that
I his fole fonne doe this fame villaine fend
To heaven:
Why this is bafe and filly, — not revenge:
A tooke my father groffely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fluff as May,
And how his audit ftands who knowes fave heaven?
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought,
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and feafoned for his paffage?
No,
Up fword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, afleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceftuous pleafure of his bed,
At game, a fwearing, or about fome act